

Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
Copyright, 1887, by MITCHELL & MILLER.



AMERICANVS
SVM.

ISSUED
EVERY
WEDNESDAY

Ten Cents
a Copy.



AFTER DINNER.

Mrs. Goodman (to Guest): YOU DON'T MIND THE SHORT PRAYER OFFERED BY MR. GOODMAN AT THE TABLE?

Guest: OH NO, CERTAINLY NOT. WHEN I SAW THOSE OYSTERS I FELT A LITTLE NERVOUS MYSELF.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. X. OCTOBER 13, 1887. No. 250.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., \$1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., and IX. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

THIS journal's grateful acknowledgments are made to *Scribner's Magazine* for the Thackeray letters. Are there not some more which their possessors owe to the world?

OF the two notorious witticisms which have resulted from our aquatic triumph, "Thistle be a great blow to Scotland" seems to us the better. The other, which involves the absence of a "cent aboard," is more labored and less elusive.

THE annual meeting of the American Board at Springfield has tasked the hospitality of all middle Massachusetts. The dispute between the baseball players and their bosses hardly excites more widespread interest in the public mind than the theological discussions in which the Board has become involved. Springfield is too small to hold the good people who want to be there, and they have been scattered along the line of the railroads from Northampton to Hartford.

What the missionaries are to teach is an interesting question, but not so exciting to the mind of LIFE as what plain ministers here at home are to preach to us plain people. Mr. Howells' friend, Count Tolstoi, says that the prevalent notions of Christianity are all wrong, and in deference to his notions on the subject he works in the fields and has abjured clean shirts. We would rather see Tolstoi's Christianity discussed by the American Board than even the future probation of the heathen. Would Mr. Howells set forth the opinions of his idol before the council? We fear not. He brags about Tolstoi, but sticks to clean linen for all that.

MR. CHAUNCEY DEPEW has got back from foreign parts with many new and agreeable narratives of the potentates who have been his pals. He had one painful experience, he says. He bought a copy of *Punch* and tried to be amused over it. That was the day that Mr. Depew got much-needed rest and made up his back sleep.

In spite of this gloomy experience and of his continuous hob-nobbing with Wales, the Duke of the Grand Union Depot is still a useful American, and said several good things at the dinner of the doctors after the opening of the new building given by Mr. Vanderbilt to the College of Physicians and Surgeons. When he made the statement that the rich are of no particular account in New York any more except as they administer their surplus revenues so as to benefit the public, he talked excellent sense, and it is gratifying to notice that many of the rich themselves seem to be of his opinion.

MR. DONNELLY'S book is not out yet, but his theory is a pricked bubble. It seems as if the astute Milesian had overreached himself and delayed publication too long. The duration of a wonder is only nine days, and the waning interest in the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy was cut short by the dispute between the yachts. The American people have given Mr. Donnelly their attention, and they have transferred it. We shall be surprised if he ever gets it back again. He has not the advantage which Mr. George enjoys of appealing to people whose ignorant credulity is stimulated by their avarice.

THE black sheep of the British aristocracy seem to get a great deal more notice in these days than their respectable fellow-bucks. There was all that unpleasantness the other day about Hughes-Hallett, and now he is driven to the wall by the redoubtable Aylesbury, who turns up in deeper disgrace than usual. The expulsion of the young Marquis from Newmarket will materially lessen his opportunities of enjoyment in England, and we may expect to see him at Newport next season.

There have been some very pronounced blackguards at Newport this summer, both of British and American stock, and if they are not killed in bar-room fights or sent to prison before next year, Aylesbury may find them congenial company.

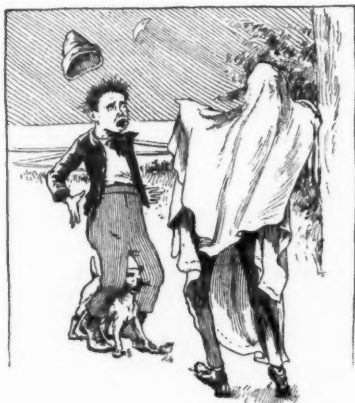
SEVERAL metropolitan journals have printed the extraordinary story of a woman who declares she is the Princess Royal of England, but was stolen out of her cradle when an infant and never got her dues. It is her substitute, she says, who figures as Crown Princess of Germany.

We do not quite believe her story, but even if it were true, there is no redress for her. "No goods exchanged" is the motto of all the crowned families in Europe. Let her get what comfort she can from the reflection that the Crown Prince is addicted to sore throat. It would be very awkward for her return to the royal family of England so late in the day as this. She can find pleasanter associates in New York.

A GHOST STORY.



1.



2.



3.

MARVELOUSLY MATED.

PRETTY Kitty, when I asked her,
Why it was she scorned me so,
Said: "Because you are so homely—
If you'd really like to know."

But, I think, if you will listen,
I can shortly prove it true,
I've as many points of beauty,
Wicked Kitty, as have you.

Just as many points of beauty,
Though they're differently arranged;
But, of course, it cannot matter,
Simply that the place is changed.

You've a mouth of ruby redness,
I've a nose that's full as red;
You've a pair of rare gray optics,
So's the hair upon my head.

Smooth your cheek, and round and shining,
So's my crown, you carping Kate;
You've two dimples, round and little,
I have many, long and straight.

All a mass of gold your tresses,
Mostly gold my molars few;
Round your arm, and round your shoulder,
Am not I round-shouldered too?

You've a hand of wondrous softness,
I've a head to mate with it;
You've a waist amazing slender,
I can match it with my wit.

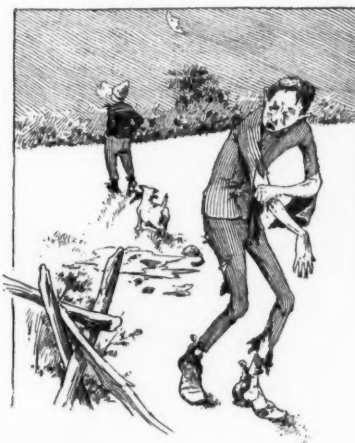
You've a voice of rippling water,
I've a pair of aqueous eyes;
You've a smile that fills the heavens,
I've a mouth that very size.

So 'tis clear, my pretty Kitty,
Though in beauty you excel,
If you simply change the order,
I compare extremely well.

J. P. Lyons.



4.



5.

FINE PERFORMANCE.

"I SEE by the paper," said Mrs. Van Scruger, "that Mrs. George Green Dotter has selected the First Empire style for 'The Lady of Lyons,' to be given for her New York benefit. Her first toilet is made of heavy white satin, with a petticoat of white silken gauze, entirely embroidered in colors. From the shoulders and from under the arm waist hangs a mantle of green velvet, a sort of combination of the Watteau plait and the regular Court train. The bonnet that is worn with this dress is rather of the poke shape, made in green velvet with a tuft of black ostrich plumes. The traveling dress for the same play is made of gray cloth ornamented with silver fox. With this, too, goes a huge black picturesquely felt hat, with such plumes as the stage alone could permit. The evening dress is of yellow silk, heavy with jets. Large pink roses ornament the corsage and train. I've always wanted to see *Pauline* well acted, and I must get Mr. Van Scruger to take me. It must be a superb performance!"



A REFUTATION.

"THE beech is dipped in wine,"
Said a poet of repute,
When writing of the autumn brisk,
A charge which we refute;
For if the beach were dipped in wine
We're sure the Jersey coast
Would not to-day deserted be
By all except the host.

JAY GOULD isn't a bit afraid of edged tools—indeed, he affects them gilt-edged.

THE newspapers have had another attack of the ex-Rev. Stephen H. Tyng.
"Tyng-Tyng," as the bell said.

THE Republican organs claim that the recent Convention was unusually level-headed.
Perhaps this accounts for the unusual flatness of the ticket.



ILLUSTRATED CRIME.

KID-NAPPING.

WILL the Ball Players strike? asks a contemporary.
Well, the New York members of the Brotherhood will—strike out!

"SPARE the rod and spoil the child" is a time-honored proverb; but when we go rodding, we must remember that forty rods make one rood, and a rude child is an abomination.

MR. LEW. VANDERPOOLE'S Sand bank seems to have suspended payment.

CAPTAIN BARR is a very religious Scotchman.
He commands the *Thistle* because he doesn't wish to serve two masters.

A CASHIER who has just returned from Canada vows that the next time he removes trust funds he will stay at home and take his chances for Sing Sing.

SPEAKING entirely *a priori*, we think the most humiliating end that can befall a man is to be gored to death by a cow without horns.

WE wish the *World* would send a diver down underneath the billowy foundations of the Western Union Telegraph Company and give us a few figures as to the dimensions of its real profits.

WE saw a note in a Western paper the other day referring to our Governor as "D. B. Hill (Dem.)."
Whether this is an abbreviation for democrat or demagogue, it makes very little difference.

THOMAS EAKINS, an Art Note avers, is to paint Walt Whitman.

It is to be hoped that he will keep to the old colors, as we like to think of the author of "Leaves of Grass" as the good grey poet.

THE Duke of Snarlborough was presented to Mr. Sullivan, of Boston, last week, and is said to have remarked that Sullivan struck him as a genial fellow.

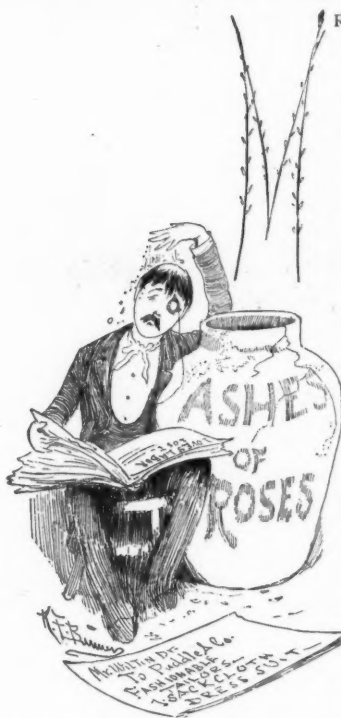
It is to be hoped that the Duke will not be struck by Sullivan when he is not quite so genial. The British aristocracy would lose a shining light.

ANOTHER one of the idols of our youth is shattered.
A correspondent of the *New York World*, who breakfasted with the Queen, gives the following menu of the breakfast served: Scotch porridge, cold rump-steak pie, hot rump steak, cold gammon of bacon, boiled eggs, Scotch scones, brown bread, butter, honey, tea, coffee, and a kind of cocoa specially prepared for the Queen.

We had always supposed that so exalted a personage as the Queen of England would begin the day with a repast more befitting her regal station, comprising, for instance, *omelette soufflé*, *biscuit glacé*, candied fruits of all sorts, sugared rose-leaves, champagne, custard pie and chocolate éclairs. The idea of a Queen sitting down to gammon of bacon and boiled eggs! We might tolerate such a thing in a Cincinnati matron, but in the Empress of India—oh, it is too bad!

MR. WILTON'S ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER III.



R. WILTON'S surprise upon being introduced to Miss Higgins quickly changed to the deepest interest, and after she had looked up into his eyes with one of her tender, appealing glances that seemed to say, "Oh, I do so hope you will like me and be good to me!" his interest grew even deeper still. They got on wonderfully well together, these two, for Miss Higgins was such a joyous little body, and took such an interest in everything, and was so fresh, unspoiled and unworldly, that she seemed like a breath of fresh air on a broiling day. And then she was evidently so happy in Mr. Wilton's society, and appealed to him in all things as though he were a very Solomon, and once she added a spice to the conversation by chaffing him a bit in a coy little way, and then, immediately retracting, hoped that he

didn't think that she had been bold or impertinent in speaking so to him! *She* bold and impertinent? Ha, ha! and Mr. Wilton laughed aloud at the bare supposition, whereupon the questioning look of pain in her eyes gave way to one of such tender, joyous gratitude, that Mr. Wilton felt both demoralized and beatified, and suddenly came to the conclusion that this world was not such a very bad place after all!

The world became very dreary again, however, when the time came for him to leave, and she—poor little girl!—how quiet and sad she was at parting! What a look of pain and longing filled those beautiful, speaking eyes as she bade him good-bye and turned dejectedly away!

Mr. Wilton did not know exactly what the matter was, but he knew that he felt very strangely, and proceeded to stow himself away in the bow of the boat, where he could think of her undisturbed. What a revelation she was! how totally unlike other girls! thought Mr. Wilton, as he compared her to the young ladies of his set—young ladies who were finished, calculating women of the world, and who had no time or sympathy to expend unless there was compound interest to be obtained on the outlay. Deary me, it was all so strange! And how those eyes haunted him! how they got into his soup at dinner! how they kept him awake in the night! and how they stared at him from his shaving-glass in the morning! Altogether, Mr. Wilton felt that the matter needed further investigation, and so he went over to the "Pier" again.

How glad she was to see him—the dear little girl! She tried hard to conceal her joy, but what was the use with those tell-tale eyes! He had "come over—all the way over—to—to—see—her?" Really and truly? Yes?" and then a little flush of delight spread over her face and down her snowy neck, and she gave our friend a look that would have melted a brass idol, and made him fairly squirm with happiness!

Mr. Wilton returned to Newport in a state of mental exaltation; he did not know when he had ever been so happy, and forthwith proceeded to make inquiries as to the price of a commutation ticket on the boat which plied between Newport and the spot made holy by the presence of the Higgins.

Mr. Wilton's supply of happiness, however, began to run out on the following day, and so, with a view to laying in a new stock, he cruised over to the "Pier" again, where he was profoundly disgusted to find his idol surrounded by a lot of Western men of the class known to Mr. Wilton as "tarriers." These men dropped away one by one, however, and left them unmolested. And then what a delightful time they had together, strolling on the beach, and sitting on the rocks! And how charmingly she looked in her soft white dress! how like a flower! and how she worshipped him! Mr. Wilton knew that of course she would not have let him dream of such a thing if she could have helped it, for she was far too womanly, too proud and too modest; but—poor little thing!—how could she control that look of adoration in those eloquent eyes!

Mr. Wilton, on his part, was proud and happy to confess that he was helplessly and hopelessly in love, in fact nobody had been so much in love before; and, in consequence, he was a much altered man. Every good and noble impulse in his nature seemed to be stirring. Ambition awoke, and he longed to be at work, longed to be doing something great, and grand, and worthy of the blessed Damosel from Missouri! Of course he had his moments of despondency and hopelessness, and he did not attempt to conceal the fact that there were many obstacles to be overcome, the most formidable of which would be his mother's opposition, for as she had "married down" herself, she would feel deeply on the matter and object most vehemently; and Mr. Wilton felt that it would require an awful amount of courage to go and inform her that he wished to marry a Miss Hi—No, he couldn't do it! *Higgins!* Great Jove! what a name it was, to be sure!

And then, in addition, he had serious misgivings as to the manner in which New York would receive the importation from St. Louis. He could see in his mind's eye the women of his set glancing at her in a distant way as though she was a far-off speck on the horizon, and then saying in their soft English voices: "She? Oh, a Miss—Miss Higgins, I believe, from somewhere out in the Indian country. Fine



FOREWARNED, FOREARMED.

Scene: The seventh story of a Western hotel.



IN NEW JERSEY.

Aunt Mary: JOHNNIE, DID YOU HEAR THE ANGELS SINGING LAST NIGHT?

Johnnie (an English boy): WELL, RATHER, AND THEY BIT ME, TOO.

eyes? Indeed! they strike me as having rather too much of the chromo about them. Poor Carroll! it's sad to see him so taken in! and it will kill his poor mother, I'm sure!" And then Carroll would break off and swear like a Jersey pirate, for he was obliged to confess that the saintly Miss Julia certainly did speak with a very Western accent, rolling her r's, calling her mother "mommer," and always saying supper for "tea," etc. But then he didn't propose to have the mother about, and they would always have a late dinner instead of tea, and as for the rolling r's—Oh, well, condemn the r's! And then he went over to the "Pier" and found that Miss Higgins had gone—gone home!

He managed to grope his way back as far as the club, where he found old Halleck, and proceeded to unburden his bursting soul to him. Halleck, or "old" Halleck, as he was generally called, was a quiet, kindly bachelor of forty or thereabouts. He was generally considered by the club men rather of a bore, simply because he was retiring and didn't drink; but when any one got into trouble they usually applied to Halleck for advice. In the present instance he was able to be of great comfort and relief to Mr. Wilton, and advised him to wait and give his affection a thorough test, inasmuch as in such sudden attacks as that under which Mr. Wilton was suffering, the recovery was sometimes as equally rapid. Carroll laughed at the idea of a possible recovery, but thanked Halleck, and crawled away homeward. And Halleck, as he watched him disappear in Catherine Street, drew a long sigh. How the boy's story had brought back the old past! that confounded old past that was so infernally perennial! Deary me! deary me! but we've all had our Higgins, some time or other!

(To be concluded.)

CHARITY — FAIR-exchange is always robbery.

BUSINESS SPIRIT.

A PLUTOCRAT climbed the golden stair,
And neared the golden throne;
Quoth he to Peter, "On that there chair
I'll make yer a six per cent. loan."

A plutocrat going the other way
Neither cried out at Fate nor cursed;
But proceeded to dock Beelzebub's pay
By a "Standard Sulphur Trust."

Wm. Kent.



AMONG THE SHADES.

IT is hard to reason against the good intention, the emotional consolation and really fine writing of "The Gates Between" (Houghton's), by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and yet it is one of the most irritating books to a discriminating judgment. More than that, it is alike harmful to literature and to life. One feels in reading it that a good woman, a woman of much talent and true sympathy, has been misled into confounding affection with faith, and has laid out a scheme for the universe in accordance with feminine sentiments. Three giants of the imagination, Dante, Milton, Goethe, have gone beyond the gates for us, once for all, as far as literature is concerned, and have brought back untold treasures. Beside their monumental works, the vain imaginings of a woman are as star-dust to a sun.

And yet there will be tears shed over these pages, and superstitions nourished by them, and nervous women made hysterical, and irritable and ignorant men mildly frightened.

* * *

ONE might think that the prevailing American sense of the ludicrous would act as a good antidote to such a book. And it would if the book were read by men alone; but it's a woman's book, and we are prepared to prove that the American woman has very little of the humorous sense. Four out of five readers of our humorous and satirical papers are men. (Women look at the pictures, struggle over a political joke or two—especially in our colored contemporaries, which is not to be wondered at—read the advertisements, and then ask for a check without a smile.)

But a healthy American boy would get more fun out of "The Gates Between" than a German barber does out of *Puck*. He would probably "size up" the whole book as an ingenious bit of hocus-pocus, designed to frighten irritable and overworked men into angelic behavior when they come home and find dinner not ready and the baby sick.

* * *

WE believe that a moderately strict code of Ethics would allow an average man, under such circumstances, a little show of temper once in five years; and we have a mild belief that most wives would quietly laugh in

their sleeves at such a domestic flurry, humor the exasperated man for five or ten minutes and coddle him back to equanimity and good-cheer by the music of their voices.

But Miss Phelps starts the poor man off in a passion to a violent death by accident, and then puts him through a hundred different phases of remorse in the really beautiful country "between the gates." In the course of years the wife dies also, and with rare magnanimity for a woman informs the repentant husband at the outer gate that she did not have any score to settle with him

on account of his ill-humor, and had actually forgotten all about it.

If Miss Phelps had been true to nature she would have made the woman say: "My dear Esmerald, you certainly were very *unreasonable* and *cruel* to be angry with me, *but* if you will only buy me a splendid new gown and bonnet, suited to this mild and salubrious climate, I'll try to forgive you. Which is the fashionable shade here, dear?"

"We are all shades here," said Esmerald, with a twinkle in his eye, and peace reigned in the family forever after.

Droch.



WHAT CHANCE FOR ART?

One of the Girls: OH, MR. DREAMER, OUR PARLOR IS LOVELY NOW! WE HAVE TAKEN DOWN THAT HORRID OLD NO-ARMED VENUS YOU ADMIRER SO MUCH, AND PUT THE LOVELY NEW FOUR-OARED CREW IN HER PLACE.

THE FRESH AIR FUND.

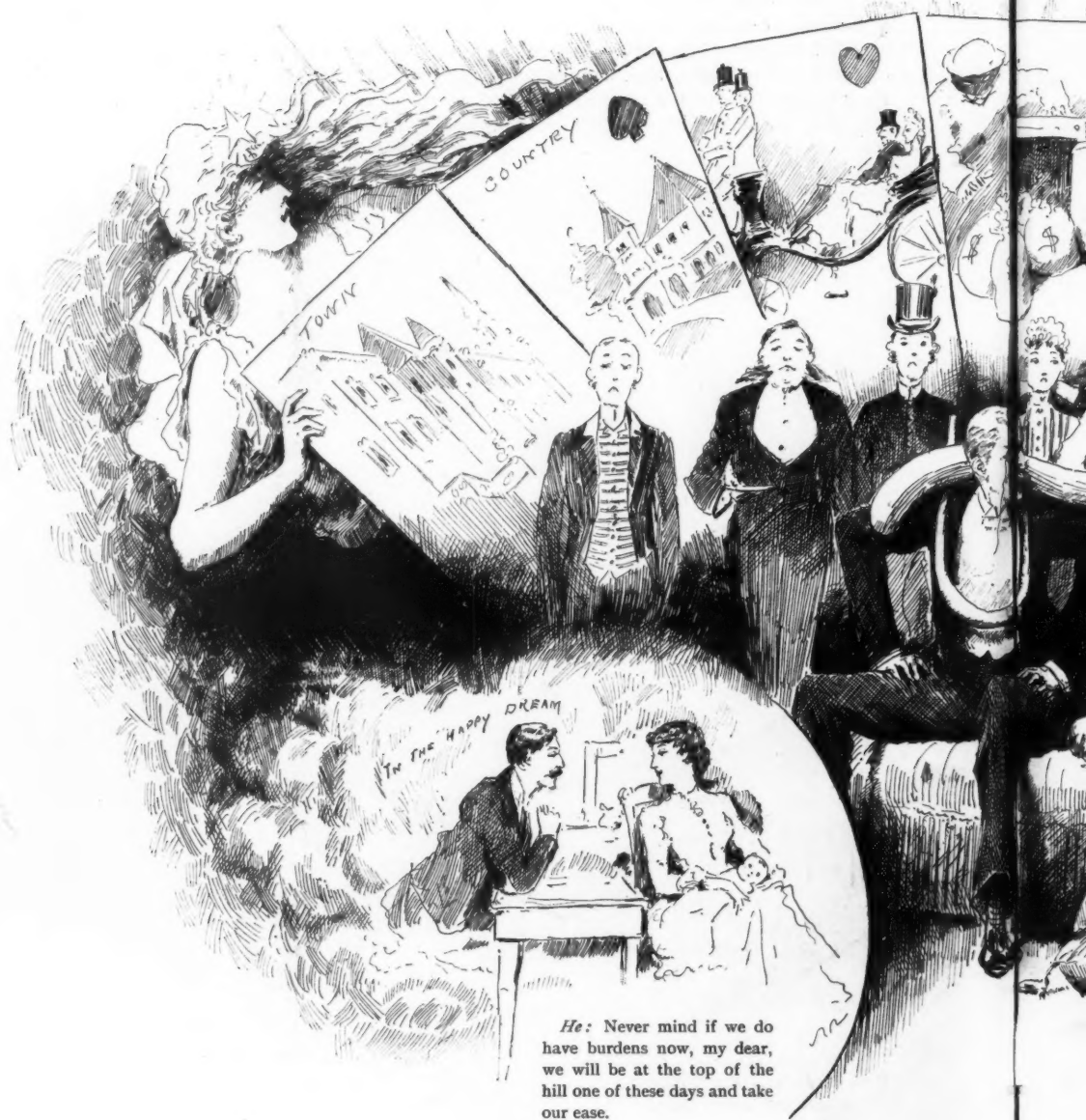
WE are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of further contributions to the Fund as follows:

Previously acknowledged	\$964.00
Etty	3.00
L. S.	3.00
Total	\$970.00

AFTER OVID.

LIPS, however rosy, must be fed;
Songs, however airy, must be hushed;
Books, however sinful, must be read;
Hair, however auburn, must be brushed.

MME. NICOLINI takes the cake—the Patti-cake.



He: Never mind if we do have burdens now, my dear, we will be at the top of the hill one of these days and take our ease.

THE REALIZ

WITH THE CARDS THAT ARE



REALIZATION

OS THAT ARE USUALLY PLAYED.

HE NEVER HEARD OF YACHTS.

"WELL, well," remarked a Boston citizen to his neighbor in the street-car, "the *Volunteer* did nobly."

"Hey!" responded the man spoken to, who seemed a little deaf.

"*Volunteer*, I said, did nobly."

"Yes, indeed," replied the deaf man; "in fact they fought better than the regular troops."

"Oh, I wasn't talking about the war," rejoined the yacht crank, testily; "I was speaking about the race between the *Volunteer* and the *Thistle*."

"The what?"

"*Thistle*."

"Oh yes! I see. Yes, the thistle is a great nuisance to the farmer—terrible pest—no way of eradicating it at all. Donkeys like to eat it, though."

"I was speaking about the yacht race," replied the Boston man, with some asperity.

"Well, I don't approve of races at all. I am a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. I think such treatment of horses is shameful, besides being demoralizing to public morals."

"I guess you only caught my last word. I said *yacht* races."

And he laid a very impressive emphasis on the word "yacht."

"Yes, I heard you; but I think the hotter the races the more cruel they are. Speeds the horses worse, you see."

"YACHT! I said," and the Bostonian spoke very loud,

while all the people in the car manifested an intense interest in the conversation.

"Yacht!"

This was from the deaf man, and was put forth in an inquiring and yet injured tone.

"Yes."

"What's that?"

The deaf man began to thirst for information.

"What's what? Yacht?"

The Bostonian's tone was supercilious and incredulous.

"Yes; what's yacht?"

And the man really seemed to be very anxious to know.

"Don't you know what a yacht is?"

"No, sir. Is it the name of one of the horses that ran in the race you mentioned?"

"Gracious! man, where have you been? The *Thistle* and *Volunteer* are yachts—boats, you understand—the one is an English and the other an American vessel, and they raced for the *America's* cup. Thought everybody knew all about it."

"That's the first I've heard about it," replied the deaf man. "What is the *America* cup, anyhow?"

"Great Caesar! man, where are you from?"

"Philadelphia."

And then the other buried himself deep in his newspaper, and did not see the sly wink the deaf man tipped to the seat full of people opposite.

Wm. H. Siviter.

HALF a loafer is better than a thorough-bred hoodlum.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

"I CANNOT be content with less than heaven,"
Said Mr. Bailey, a poet of much worth.
Not so modest he as many later,
Who would be satisfied with the earth.

COLLECTOR MAGONE is quite stern in his decision that the bustle shall be suppressed as an aid to smuggling.

A FAUX PAS IN MEXICO.

A MEXICAN duel has resulted in one of the contestants being seriously wounded. The aggressive party is profuse in his apologies, and asserts that this violation of the accepted rules of duelling etiquette was entirely unpremeditated, but it is not likely that the apology will be accepted. The offender will be dropped from all his clubs, and if his adversary dies, will be socially ostracized.

It is pleasant to observe that the Mexicans are showing signs of an advanced stage of civilization.



Very truthful and hungry little girl (to little boy who has just been laying in an unlimited store of good things): OH, TOMMY, MY MA SAYS YOU'RE THE ONLY LITTLE BOY I'M TO PLAY WITH!



CUI BONO.

The Fair Driver: I WONDER, CLARA, THAT YOU ARE NOT A WHIP.

The Drivee: OH, I NEVER FELT THE NECESSITY.

The Fair Driver: THE NECESSITY! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

The Drivee: WHY, MAMMA WAS NEVER A WHIP, AND SHE HAS BEEN MARRIED THREE TIMES!

DIGNIFIED CRITICISM.

THE *Commercial Advertiser* stumbles on something good once in a while. Apropos of Mrs. Langtry's death scene in "As in a Looking-Glass," our contemporary says:

Her contortions here warrant the inference that she has taken a watermelon, rather than chloral. She flops about from chair to chair, with her hands upon the pit of her stomach, like a small boy who has partaken too freely of green apples; drops upon a sofa and tears the plush with her teeth; gallops three or four times around the room calling for Algy, and then falls over a trick-chair that comes down like a combination bed, and expires just as Algy rushes in to stand over her with one arm stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees, and the other at seventy degrees, thus completing what the programme says is an "affecting tableau."

Could dramatic criticism reach a higher plane of dignity and wit than this?

CONCERNING FEES.

"FEES?" said Topper, indignantly. "Fees? Why in Italy they are simply awful—and so paltry. There's nothing an Italian won't take—ah, except a bath, you know."

FRIENDS.

WE'D climbed up to a rocky nook,
Were hidden well, so none could look,
For I'd resolved to know my fate,
And was impatient, could not wait.
So round her waist I put my arm
(She said she thought there was no harm),
And told her, trembling, of my love,
Called her "sweetheart," "dear" and "dove!"

"I like you very much," said she,
"And hope that we shall always be—"
"Please stop!" I cried, "pray say no more,"
"I know the rest: you're number four."

J. L.

BEACONSFIELD said that to believe in the heroic makes heroes.

The Earl is good authority, for he rose. (This is the early English style of humor).

HOW ABOUT THIS?

WE have very little doubt that if Mr. Sharp should die in Ludlow Street Jail, the *World* and *Times* would blackguard Death for defeating the ends of Justice.

Sharp's record may not be as clear as it should be, but when the record of the daily papers is looked up in the "corruption books," how many of them will be able to show even so clean a page as he who stands between Sing Sing and the grave?



INS AND OUTS OF TRAVEL.



Mrs. Dennis Toogan: DINNY, FER TH' LOVE O' SAYNT PATHRICK, PHWAT IN HIVEN'S NAME'S THAT?

Dennis Toogan (member of City Council): AH, WHISHT NOW, AN' DON'T BE SHOWIN' YER IGNORANCE. THIM'S THE VIRRY LATEST ENGLISH FASHIONS. OI'M THINKIN' O' HEVVIN WAN O' ME SUMMER SHUITS MADE IN THOT SHTOYLE. THE TROWSERS IS SHORT FER MOI SHTOYLE O' LEG.

ECHOES OF THE RACE.

THERE'S many a fizzle
'Twixt the cup and the *Thistle*.

BRITONS are proverbially dull of comprehension, and Messrs. Bell and Watson are no exception to the rule. "They don't understand it. The *Thistle* was designed to win the cup and didn't. The plans were all right, but—something was wrong."

We are forced to the conclusion that the *Thistle* is more of a paper cutter than a fleet-winged child of the sea.

THE *Thistle* is to challenge an Erie canal boat to a race to Liverpool, stern first, for a silver bottle.

NOW we think the New York Yacht Club should get up a testimonial to Boston for producing two such men as General Paine and Mr. Burgess.

How would it do to turn over the *America's* cup to those who have won it?

HE WAS BUSY.

TOPPER: Come up and dine with me this evening, Mr. Scribule.

SCRIBULE: Thank you very much, Topper, but I really can't; I have got to devote this evening to the last Financial Report of the Western Union Telegraph Co.

TOPPER: Well, come up Sunday, then.

SCRIBULE: Impossible! I've promised to go over to Philadelphia on Sunday to get a private view of Wannamaker's big store. Then I've got to read over the Poultry record for last month, as well as make a list of the steamship accidents that have occurred since 1824.

TOPPER: What is all this work for, anyhow?

SCRIBULE: Well, you mustn't let it go farther, but the fact is I'm writing a life of Thomas Jefferson for one of the magazines.

CONSIDERING the price of fashionable bonnets, we begin to think the word "millionaire" is but a corruption of milliner.

THE races between the *Thistle* and *Volunteer* are not at all satisfactory. It is by no means certain that in a dash down a toboggan chute the Boston boat could compete with her defeated rival.

THE *Thistle* isn't much of a boat. Captain Barr even had difficulty in keeping ahead of the excursion barges.

THE Scotchmen complain that they were blanketed. Well, why not? It was a cold day and they needed it.

ANOTHER COOLNESS AT THE CASTLE.

"MY!" said Her Majesty impatiently, as she gazed out of the window at the torrents of water, "What a wet rain this is!"

"Pretty dry reign you mean," retorted the Prince. Then Her Royal Highness rushed up to the jewel room and got her wine receipts, which showed an expenditure of over £10 per annum, and flouted them in the face of her hypercritical heir.



REACHED THE LIMIT.

A DETROIT peddler of tinware took out some egg-beaters on his last trip, and as the price was only fifteen cents each, and they worked on a new principle, he calculated on big sales. His first experience will answer for all others. He drove up to a farm-house in the western part of Wayne county, and took a beater in to exhibit. The people liked it exceedingly well, but the old farmer said:

"Young man, I want to see your patent."

"I have none."

"Then your written authority to make sales."

"Don't need any."

"Then you must give me a bond, with two sureties, in the sum of \$1,000, that you will stand between me and any trouble."

"But I can't do that."

"Then I can't buy. I've just had to pay royalty on a drive well, damages for using an infringement on a patent gate, and have a lawsuit about a hayfork and another over a windmill, and we don't even buy a dishpan without a bond that it don't infringe on somebody's patent bathtub."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"To what do you attribute the curative properties of your spring?" asked a visitor at a health resort.

"Well," answered the proprietor thoughtfully: "I guess the advertising I've done has had something to do with it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

It is said that when good Philadelphians die they go to Wanamaker's.—*Puck.*

A SAD CHICAGO ROMANCE.

CHICAGO GIRL: So you are to be married next month? You are more fortunate than I. My wedding has been postponed.

OMAHA GIRL: Why, are you engaged?

"Oh, yes. I was just ready to send out my cards when poor, dear George came in and said we would have to wait."

"How awkward! What happened?"

"He hasn't got a divorce from his wife yet."

ONE CASHIER THAT IS SAFE.

"I SEE you have a new cashier," remarked the president of one bank to another.

"Yes, we set him to work yesterday."

"Had any experience?"

"Lots of it."

"Under heavy bonds, I suppose. Our man is under \$150,000."

"Well, no; we did not require big bonds."

"Great heavens, man, he'll run off in two weeks with the whole bank."

"We have every confidence in him."

"Well, you'll pay dearly enough for it. He'll be in Canada inside of a month."

"I think not. You see, he has just run away from a Canadian bank with \$200,000. I think he is safe enough."—*Minneapolis Journal.*

CLASS IN CIVIL SERVICE.

"WHAT are the people of Germany called?" asked the new teacher. "When?" asked the smart, bad boy. "Any time," said the teacher, "all the time." "Depends," replied the s. b. b. "They're called Germans before election and Dutch after it, in this county." And as that boy's father is a member of the Legislature, his word has much greater weight with the pupils than the teachers.—*Burdette.*

Have you used
Packer's Tar Soap
for Shampooing?
It's immense!!

"WAITER," he said in quite a loud tone of voice, "have you got any champagne on ice?"
"Yes, sir."
"Well, bring me a bottle of—beer," whispered the young man.—*Drake's Magazine.*

THE Toy the child likes best!
This is the title of a descriptive Price-list, richly illustrated in colour-print, of the **ANCHOR STONE BUILDING BOX**, which should be found in every family and may be obtained from all Toy dealers, Stationers and Educational Depôts. The Price-list will be forwarded gratis on application to
F. AD. RICHTER & Co.
NEW YORK, 310, BROADWAY or LONDON E.C. 1, RAILWAY PLACE, FENCHURCH STREET.

DUNLAP & CO
COPYRIGHTED.
CELEBRATED HATS
AND
LADIES' ROUND HATS.
178 & 180 Fifth Ave., bet. 22d & 23d Sts.,
and 181 Broadway, near Cortland St.,
NEW YORK.
Palmer House, Chicago. 914 Chestnut St., Phila.
KIMBALL'S SATIN
Straight Cut Cigarettes.
People of refined taste who desire exceptionally fine cigarettes should use only our Straight Cut, put up in satin packets and boxes of 10s, 20s, 50s, and 100s. 14 Prize Medals.
WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

KRAKAUER
LADIES' TAILOR,
Habit Maker and Hatter,
NEW YORK,
19 East 21st St.,
2d door East of Broadway
LONDON,
JAMES PILE & CO.
288-290 Regent St.
NEWPORT,
176 Bellevue Ave.

SPENCERIAN
36 SELECTED PENS
SENT FOR TRIAL,
POST PAID,
TWENTY-FIVE CTS.
STEEL PENS
Are the Best.
Iverson, Blakeman & Co.
753 & 755 Broadway,
NEW YORK.
CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.
Strengthens the intellect, restores lost functions, builds up worn-out nerves, promotes good digestion, cures all weaknesses and nervousness.
56 WEST 25TH STREET, NEW YORK. FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS, OR MAIL, \$1.00.

· LIFE ·

REDFERN

LADIES' TAILOR.

AUTUMN

1887

SEASON



Messrs. J. REDFERN & SONS are now showing the New and Original Models and Sketches of Gowns, Coats, Wraps, etc., prepared by their London, Paris and New York houses for the Fall and Winter seasons.

A varied and extensive consignment of Imported Cloths for the Autumn season, in all the latest colorings and designs, just received.

Ladies ordering early will have a full and complete selection of all Autumn Novelties, and will also avoid the crush of the full season.

210 FIFTH AVENUE, - - NEW YORK.

A TEASPOONFUL OF

**Red Brown's
Ginger**

ESTABLISHED 1822 PHILAD'A, PA. U. S. A.

WITH A LITTLE WATER, WILL RELIEVE CRAMP, COLIC AND TROUBLE CAUSED BY CHANGE OF WATER. ♦ ♦ ♦ GOOD AT ALL SEASONS.

SEND for free Catalogue of Books of Amusements, Speakers, Dialogues, Gymnastics, Fortune Tellers, Dream Books, Debates, Letter Writers, Etiquette, etc. DICK & FITZGERALD, 18 Ann Street, New York.

TO STOUT PEOPLE.

OBESITY easily, pleasantly and certainly cured, Without hardship or nauseating drugs. A valuable treatise, sent in plain sealed envelope on receipt of four stamps. Address E. K. LYNTON, 19 Park Place, New York.

JOHN PATTERSON & CO.

Tailors & Importers,

Patterson Building,

Nos. 25 & 27 W. 26th Street,

New York.

P GEO. MATHER'S SONS
PRINTING INK
60 JOHN STREET, N. Y.
THIS PAPER IS PRINTED WITH
OUR SPECIAL · LIFE · INK.

"BEWARE OF IMITATIONS."

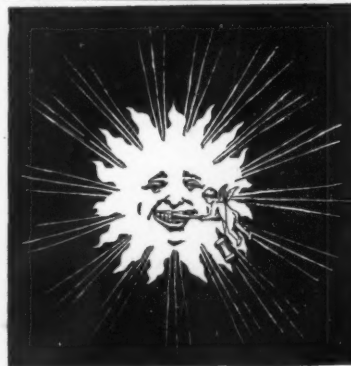
THE ONLY

GENUINE VICHY

IS FROM THE SPRINGS OWNED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

HAUTERIVE AND CELESTINS } Prescribed for the Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Gravel, Diseases of the Kidneys, &c., &c.
GRANDE GRILLE—Diseases of the Liver.
HOPITAL—Diseases of the Stomach, Dyspepsia.

To be had of all respectable Wine Merchants, Grocers and Druggists



YACHT OWNER: Haw! What's the next move, captain?
CAPTAIN: Drop the hawser.
YACHT OWNER: Haw! do you mean to insult me, sir?—*The Judge.*

THE ENGADINE

Bouquet, Atkinson's New Perfume. This superb distillation sweetly recalls fragrant Swiss flowers. Bright jewels in a setting of perpetual snow.

PENNYROYAL PILLS. Safe, Effectual, Pennyroyal (free), they never fail. Particulars 4c. DR. J. V. STANTON, Station "L," New York City.

A Beautiful Plush Casket
of Fine Jewelry sent free to every Agent selling our cards. Send 2c. stamp for Lovely New Samples and Outfit. N. E. CARD CO., Wallingford, Conn.

HIS PIETY MERELY PROFESSIONAL.

"GOOD gracious!" exclaimed a lady visitor to the sporting editor's room, as, with terror in her eyes, she made a dart for the door; "is there murder going on outside?"

"Be calm, madam," said the sporting editor with a gentle smile, "it is nothing. It is only the religious editor swearing over his proofs."—*Courier.*

THE BLUE JAR AND WHITE SPOON.

OFFICERS of the Army and Navy, Chemists, Engineers, Physicians, Prominent Actors and Artists, Ministers of the Gospel, Railway Magnates, Judges, Senators, Professors of Dental Colleges, Bankers and Merchants, notable Ladies, and refined people everywhere, have been pleased not only with the snowy-white creamy Zonweiss, but the beautiful blue jar containing it, and its little white spoon for putting it on the brush.

**ZONWEISS IS MADE FROM NEW MATERIALS.
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD.**

The last letter received relating to Zonweiss is from Hon. CHAS. P. JOHNSON, ex-Lt.-Gov. of Missouri. He writes as follows:
St. Louis, April 26.

GENTLEMEN: With regard to your Zonweiss, I find that it cleanses the teeth thoroughly, is easy of application, has a delicate and pleasant flavor, leaves no after taste, and is in every way very acceptable.

Very respectfully, CHARLES P. JOHNSON.
Zonweiss can be obtained of Druggists, or will be sent by MAIL on receipt of 35 cents, by JOHNSON & JOHNSON, Operative Chemists, 23 Cedar Street, New York.



CORSETS
BONED WITH
FEATHERBONE.

The best ever made. Ask your Dealer for them.

SHAVE YOURSELF
WITH THE
DIAMOND SAFETY RAZOR.



A great invention which renders shaving an easy and convenient luxury, and obviates all danger of cutting the face. *Warranted to shave clean.* Time and money saved. It is especially adapted to travelers by land and by sea, to persons camping out; to the man who wants a quick shave, and to him whose skin is too tender to admit the application of the ordinary razor. Once tried you will never be without it.

AGENTS MAKE \$11 PER DAY!

Sell like hot waffles and honey! Each razor comes neatly packed in a nice case with handle and every appearance and full directions how to use and keep it. We will send a sample by mail to any address in the U. S. on receipt of \$1.50 which is 50 cents less than the regular retail price. To sell again, we will make you an offer which for liberality takes first rank. Full descriptive circulars of all our goods on receipt of stamp. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Address

ALLWORTH MFG. CO., Rutherford, N. J.

EDEN MUSEE, 23d St., bet. 5th & 6th Aves.

Open from 11 to 11. Sundays 1 to 11.

MUNCZI LAJOS AND ORCHESTRA.

Concerts 3 to 5, 8 to 11 P. M.

ADMISSION, FIFTY CENTS

INCLUDING

THE NEWLY OPENED ART GALLERY

Arnold, Constable & Co.

DRESS FABRICS

For Street and School Costumes.

PLUSH AND VELVET NOVELTIES,
FRENCH AND ENGLISH CHEVIOTS,
FANCY PLAIDS, ETC.

Broadway & 19th St.
New York.

CAMPOBELLO ISLAND.

This beautiful island, now famous as one of the most attractive summer resorts on the Eastern coast, lies in Passamaquoddy Bay, off the coast of Maine, between the main land and Grand Manan.

It has a shore frontage of thirty-five miles, deeply indented by numerous bays, chasms and inlets, while the interior abounds in lofty and densely wooded hills that offer rare charms to the lovers of the picturesque.

The cliffs that overhang the sea for many miles are truly grand. The view of these mighty and awe-inspiring rocks, towering straight up out of the sea, will alone repay the visitor for the journey there.

The Hotels, to be Opened July 1st, are the finest to be found east of Boston. They are beautifully furnished and appointed throughout, and in both exterior and interior have an air of homelike comfort and refinement seldom to be found.

There are some forty miles of roads on the island, and the drives are varied and interesting. The stables are well equipped with well-trained saddle and driving horses. The boating and fishing are excellent, and canoes, with Indian guides, are always at hand.

HOW TO GET TO CAMPOBELLO.

Take the steamers of the International line, leaving Boston Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.30 a.m., arriving at Eastport the following morning at 8 o'clock.

An annex steamer connects with all steamers at Eastport for Campobello, two miles distant.

The steamers of the International line are new, and are the finest coastwise steamers sailing from Boston.

By rail, go via Boston and Maine or Eastern R. R. to Calais; thence by steamer down the beautiful St. Croix River, or by carriage to Eastport (28 miles).

By either route, baggage may be checked through to Campobello.

From Bar Harbor to Campobello.

Take steamer at Bar Harbor for Machias, where carriages may always be found in readiness. Drive to Lubec, 28 miles; thence by ferry to Campobello (10 minutes).

The drive is easy and delightful.

Application for rooms may be made to T. A. BARKER, Hotel Manager, at the office of the undersigned.

Illustrated Books, with Railroad and Steamer Time-tables, plans of hotels and map of the island may be had, as well as full information regarding the property, on application to

ALEX. S. PORTER,

General Manager Campobello Island Co.,

27 State St., Boston, Mass.

HEADQUARTERS FOR
STRAIGHT WHISKIES,
"OLD CROW" AND HERMITAGE,
SOUR MASH.

Sold absolutely pure, unsweetened, uncolored. Various ages. None sold less than four years old. Reliable for medical use.

We have taken every barrel of Rye Whiskey made at the Old Crow Distillery since January 1872. Sole Agents for the Pleasant Valley Wine Co. Full lines of reliable Foreign Wines, Liquors, and Segars.

H. B. KIRK & CO.,

69 FULTON ST., BROADWAY AND 27TH ST:

AND 9 WARREN STREET.

ESTABLISHED 1853.

A GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY. FOR BILIOUS AND LIVER TROUBLES.

A famous physician, many years ago, formulated a preparation which effected remarkable cures of liver diseases, bile, indigestion, etc., and from a small beginning there arose a large demand and sale for it, which has ever increased until, after generations have passed, its popularity has become world-wide. The name of this celebrated remedy is COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS.

To such travelled Americans as have become acquainted with the great merits of these Pills (so unlike any others), and who have ever since resorted to their use in cases of need, commendation is unnecessary. But to those who have not used them and have no knowledge of their wonderful virtues, we now invite attention.

The use of these Pills in the United States is already large. Their virtues have never varied, and will stand the test of any climate. They are advertised—not in a flagrant manner, but modestly; for the great praise bestowed upon them by high authorities renders it unnecessary, even distasteful, to extol their merits beyond plain, unvarnished statements.

Persons afflicted with indigestion, or any bilious or liver trouble, should bear in mind "COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS," and should ask for them of their druggist, and if he has not got them, insist that he should order them, especially for themselves, of any wholesale dealer, of whom they can be had. JAMES COCKLE & Co., 4 Great Ormond Street, London, W. C., are the proprietors.

MRS. GRAHAM is an estimable lady, whose hobby is house decoration. One day last spring Mrs. Graham was careless enough to drink a glass of red ink, believing it to be claret. She was a good deal scared when she discovered her mistake, but no harm came to her. The doctor who was summoned, upon hearing what happened, dryly remarked to her: "Mrs. Graham, there's such a thing as pushing this rage for decorated interiors too far."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

MRS. VAN ALLAN'S COSTLY MEAL.

MRS. VAN ALLAN lost a fine cow on Saturday evening by overeating green corn.—*Chatham Republican.*

FREEMAN & GILLIES

DESIGNERS AND MAKERS OF

Fine Furniture

UPHOLSTERERS

AND DECORATORS,

35 & 37 West 23d St.,

Opposite Stern Bros.

NEW YORK.

Our warerooms are now filled with the best examples of the furniture art, made from exclusive designs which cannot be seen elsewhere, and which we offer at the most reasonable prices.

An inspection respectfully solicited.

FREEMAN & GILLIES.

TO LADIES!

Are you Corpulent? **CORPUS LEAN** is a Safe, Permanent and Healthful Flesh Reducer—Ten to Fifteen Pounds a Month.

NO POISON. ADIPO-MALENE never fails to permanently develop the Bust and Form. Non-damaging.

BEAUTY of Face and Form secured to every Lady using our Toilet Requisites. Unexcelled in America for removing Skin Blemishes, Flesh Worms, (Black-Heads,) Wrinkles, Pock-Marks, etc. Send 10c. (stamps or silver) for Particulars, Testimonials, Circulars, etc., by Return Mail. Mention article wanted. **Chichester Chemical Co.,** 2515 Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Oriental Carpets

RUGS AND PORTIERES,

In every variety, including fine, rare old specimens, for Artistic Decorations. Also modern makes, in all sizes and colors for floors. Buyers and visitors welcomed at all times.

JOSEPH WILD & CO.,

Near Broadway.

82 & 84 WORTH ST.



"HOME EXERCISER" or Brain Workers and Sedentary People; Gentlemen, Ladies, and Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inches square floor-room; something new scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular, "Schools for Physical and Vocal Culture," 16 East 14th Street and 713 5th Ave., N. Y. City. Prof. D. L. Down, Wm. Blake, author of "How to get Strong," says of it: "I never saw any other that I liked half as well."

READ "THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE."

Beautifully Bound. Price, \$2.50.

For Sale at "LIFE" Office, 28 West 23d Street, or of FREDERICK A. STOKES & BROTHER, Publishers.

Stands for **DYSPEPSIA**

ALSO FOR

DIGESTYLIN

DIGESTYLIN OVER-COMES

DYSPEPSIA

No Mystery about it.

No Secret about it.

It really Cures.

30,000 PHYSICIANS
APPROVE IT.

IT IS GOOD
For all Ailments of
the Digestive Organs.

FORMULA PLAINLY PRINTED
ON EACH BOTTLE.

DELIGHTFUL!
AGREEABLE!
POTENT!
EFFICIENT!

If your Druggist does not keep Digestylin, send \$1.00 to the Manufacturers, W. F. Kidder & Co., 83 John St., N. Y., and they will send you a bottle, express prepaid.

UNDERWOOD

PUREST NATURAL WATER

Healthful Cooling and Refreshing.
Preventive of Bright's Disease.

For Sale by all Druggists and Grocers.
SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

THE UNDERWOOD CO.

GENERAL OFFICE,

18 VESEY ST., NEW YORK.

DELBECK+

EXTRA DRY and

Procurable Everywhere.



Procurable Everywhere.

We offer the DELBECK CHAMPAGNES with a full conviction that there are no better wines imported.
WE EXCEPT NONE.
E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS,
53, 55 and 57 Beaver Street.

YOU CAN'T AFFORD

TO LET YOUR BUSINESS GO TO A STORE THAT DOESN'T HAVE THE STRONGEST GLUE IN THE WORLD. TWO GOLD MEDALS! RUSSIAN CO. WITHOUT LEAVING THE HOUSE FOR REPAIRS. FURNITURE CLASS. CHINA. MORY. BOOK. LEATHER. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. ST. IT.

COMMON SENSE BINDER FOR BINDING
· LIFE ·

Cheap, Strong and Durable,
Will hold 26 numbers. Mailed to any part
of the United States for \$1.
Address office of · LIFE · 28 W. 23d St., N. Y.

BEAUTY

Wrinkles, Black-Heads, Pimples, Freckles, Pittings, Moles and Superfluous Hair permanently removed. Flesh increased or reduced. Complexions beautified. The Form developed. Hair, Brows and Lashes colored and restored. Interesting Book and testimonials sent sealed, 4c. Madame Velaro, 249 W. 23d St., N. Y. City.
Correspondence confidential. Mention this paper.

Pears' Soap

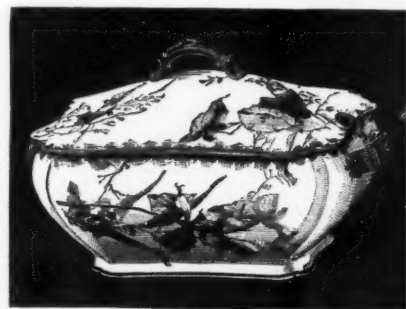
Fair white hands.
Bright clear complexion
Soft healthful skin.



HYGEIA SPARKLING WATER is unlike all natural spring waters in that it is made with distilled water and cannot convey the germs of disease. Try HYGEIA SPARKLING WATER in bottles.

HAVILAND CHINA

AT FIRST HANDS.



The above style furnished in complete sets, or in any of the courses.

The Only House in the United States dealing exclusively in French China.

Send 50c. for a Finely-Illustrated Price-List.

FRANK HAVILAND,

14 Barclay Street, - New York City.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH."
The Original and Only Genuine.

Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless imitations. Indispensable to LADIES. Ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose 5c. (stamp) to us for particulars in letter by return mail. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., 2515 Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists every where. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

RUINART CHAMPAGNE
VIN BRUT
MARÉCHALE-BRUT
MARÉCHALE-EXTRA DRY
ROOSEVELT & HOWLAND.
55 + 57 BEAVER ST. N.Y.
SOLE AGENTS FOR
TULLIUS HALLER
MINERAL WATER
UNITED STATES & CANADA

BENT & CO.'S

Celebrated Hand-Made
WATER CRACKERS.

GUARANTEED
Easy of Digestion, Absolutely Pure.
BENT & CO., Milton, Mass.

CAVANAGH, SANDFORD & CO.,

MERCHANT TAILORS
AND IMPORTERS,

16 W. 23d St., opp. 5th Ave. Hotel,

— NEW YORK —

Ladies' Tailor-made Suits, Riding Habits, Ulsters, Jackets, etc.,
a Specialty.